

# The Circular.

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TERMS:

Free to all Those who choose to pay may send one dollar a year.

**Special Notice.**—While we are very ready to send *The Circular* to all who apply for it, we do not like to take the responsibility (which has sometimes been imposed upon us) of sending it to those who have not asked for it, and perhaps do not desire it. For this reason, persons should in no case request us to enter the names of their friends on our subscription-list, unless they can give us assurance that such requests have been authorized by the friends named.

OLD AGE PLAYED OUT.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., O. C., Apr. 26, 1864.

OLD age should not be considered a thing to be reverenced without question, more than any other disease. I will reverence souls and persons; but the condition we call old age does not belong to souls, or to any beings who believe in Jesus Christ. Old age is, in my imagination, something entirely separate from any body I call my friend, or the friend of Christ; and I desire more and more to see it separated from the alliances which make it respectable. It must be indicted and brought to trial. Let us have witnesses examined, that the subject may be brought to light and understood; let it have a fair trial before God and man, and receive its final verdict. If it is a thing which we are bound to reverence and bow down to, let us bow down; but if not, let us raise an insurrection, and turn it out. Many things get to be very respectable merely by virtue of a long continued position in the public mind. Slavery has existed for so many ages, that it is almost impossible even now for many people to think of the institution with other feelings than those of respect. The greater part of the institutions of mankind are in the same position of false respectability. This is true of marriage and its customs, which at last will be considered intolerable, and will be burned up in the day of judgment. Old age is very likely to be found among the class of things which does not deserve to be treated with respect.

Old people ought not to grumble at this conclusion. The very best thing which can be done for them, is to start a crusade against the spirit of old age. They should be specially interested in such a crusade. If the spirit of old age has taken such hold of them that they find it almost impossible to get free, so much the more do they need the help of the young and strong, and of all the faith which can be brought to bear, to help them escape from that terrible disease. Instead of

grumbling at this movement and envying the young, they should stand in the attitude of the poor negroes at the South, when they see the North coming down with its armies to help them. What kind of policy would it be for them to envy those who come to free them, and wish they would let them alone? Every body can see that that would be a foolish course for the negroes; and so it is for old folks. If they can do nothing themselves, they ought to be hopeful and cheer on the work of others, because they themselves are to be emancipated by it.

I love my mother; but she is sinking into the nightmare of old age, and will probably die in that condition. What then? That shall not hinder me from fighting the principality, and doing my best to destroy its power. That same power will hold her when she passes into the invisible world. Hades, old age and death are all one; so, whether she lives or dies, she must be delivered from the power of old age. We may as well go about this work, no matter where we are; for this same principality which oppresses us here, will oppress us in the other world, until God shall deliver us from it through the resurrection.

I know for myself that I am married to one who does not grow old. I have no distinct perception how he is going to get along with such a mate as I am; he knows best. But if he has taken me for a wife, I expect he will not have me grow old. Folks don't like old wives, and I calculate that he saw his own interest, or else he would not have married me.

It is quite common for people at a certain age to make up their minds that they have seen their best days. This idea becomes to them a continual undertone, or what one of our writers calls the minor mode in music, "the everlasting wail." I know that I have not seen my best days. I expect to do a great deal more work during the twenty years to come than I have done during the twenty years past, and so on forever.

THE FOUR ELEMENTS OF RELIGION.

[A reader of the *Circular* asks questions about the division of human nature into four departments, which was set forth in a late Home-Talk. Here is an old article by J. H. N., which will, perhaps, be as good as a fresh answer.]

[From The Perfectionist, July 27, 1844.]

HUMAN nature may be compared to a farm, of which God is the proprietor. Religion is a system of agriculture, the proper object of which is to make this farm productive and valuable.

As farms are usually divided into four sorts of land, viz., arable, meadow, pasture and wood-

land, and good agriculture consists in the proper management of each of these sections, with due reference to their proportionate value and need of cultivation; so human nature is divided into four departments, viz. the Spiritual, the Intellectual, the Moral and the Physical; and right religion consists in the proportionate cultivation of these departments, according to their relative importance.

The Spiritual is the department of the heart or interior life, embracing man's vital relations to God, to heaven, and to the entire spiritual world. The true agriculture of this department aims to produce discrimination between good and evil in spirits, separation from evil spirits, and union with good. To this department we refer what is commonly called "religious experience," the phenomena of revivals, visions, revelations, and in general whatever is denominated Mysticism by the worldly-wise.

The Intellectual is the department of the understanding. The material with which the understanding is conversant, is truth and falsehood. The proper cultivation of this department aims to produce discrimination between truth and falsehood. To this department we refer doctrinal theology, and science generally.

The Moral is the department of the will. Its good and evil are right and wrong in voluntary action. The object of cultivation in this department is to give a right direction to the conscience and voluntary powers. Law, exhortation, persuasion, and all kinds of external discipline, the object of which is to produce right action, belong to this department.

The Physical, is the department of the body and the external world. To this department belong all those things in religion which address the senses, such as organization, forms, ceremonies, and corporeal discipline, as well as those arrangements which pertain to the well-being of the health, property, &c.

All religions have in them these four departments, and may be classified according to the degree of cultivation bestowed by each religion on each department. A religion whose chief strength lies in experience, faith, supernatural manifestations, &c., is a Spiritual religion. One that glories principally in its doctrines, opinions, learning, educated ministers, &c., is an Intellectual religion. One that cultivates pre-eminently the conscience and the will, and makes the law and good works its treasure, is a Moral religion. One that deals most largely in ceremonies, outward worship, fastings, &c., is a Physical religion. Or we may designate the four forms thus. 1, The religion of the Spirit; 2, The religion of the Intellect; 3, The religion of the Will; 4, The religion of the Senses.

We do not assume that any religion is *purely* Spiritual, *purely* Intellectual, &c. Every religion probably makes more or less account of each of the four departments. Nevertheless

every religion gives a pre-eminence to some one of the four, which justifies our nomenclature.

We may exhibit the combinations of the four departments, as we suppose them to exist in some of the various forms of religion at the present day, by adopting in part the principle of phrenological charts. In the following table we place the names of the four departments at the top, and under them against the names of the several denominations the degree in which according to our judgment each department is developed in them respectively. The number of degrees, as in phrenological charts, is six, viz.: *Very Small, Small, Moderate, Full, Large, and Very Large*. The mark + is sometimes added to increase a degree:

	<i>Spiritual.</i>	<i>Intellectual.</i>	<i>Moral.</i>	<i>Physical.</i>
Catholics,	Full,	Moderate,	Small,	V. Large.
Episcopalians,	Small,	Full,	Full,	Large.
Unitarians,	Small,	V. Large,	Full,	Moderate.
Presbyterians,	Full,	Large +	Large,	Full.
Congregationalists,	Full,	Large +	Large,	Moderate.
Oberlinites,	Full,	Large,	V. Large,	Full.
Baptists,	Large,	Moderate,	Large,	Large +
Methodists,	Large,	Moderate,	Large, +	Full.
Universalists,	Small,	Full,	Full,	Moderate.
Quakers,	Large,	Moderate,	V. Large,	Full.
Shakers,	Large,	V. Small,	Large,	V. Large.
Swedenborgians,	V. Large,	Full,	Large,	Moderate.
Millerites,	V. Large,	Small,	Moderate,	Large.
Mormons,	Large,	V. Small,	Moderate,	Large.

We present this table simply for the purpose of exemplifying our method of classification, not claiming for it the authority of accuracy. The reader may make out a table for himself, if he is not satisfied with ours.

According to this estimate, Catholicism is a Physical religion; Oberlinism is a Moral religion; Unitarianism is an Intellectual religion; and Millerism is a Spiritual religion,\* &c.

It might be interesting and profitable to survey the whole range of religious sects, classified in this way, and seek out general deductions. For the present we will venture but two or three speculative suggestions. Our table indicates that there is considerable affinity between the two extremes—the Spiritual and the Physical. The Catholics, Shakers, and Mormons, are examples of this affinity. There is evidently a repugnance between the Spiritual and the Intellectual. This appears in the semi-Spiritual sects just mentioned: and *vice versa*, in the Intellectual sects, such as the Unitarians, Presbyterians, &c. The fact is attributable to the natural competition between Spirituality and Intellectuality. Learning is jealous of Inspiration, and Inspiration is jealous of Learning. This repugnance, together with the natural alliance of the Intellectual with the Moral, may account for the fact first mentioned, viz., that there is a marked affinity between the Spiritual and the Physical. A strong development of the Spiritual, if it is not combined with the Intellectual, will be very likely to pass over the Moral and attach itself to the Physical.

There is no repugnance between any of the four departments in true religion. They are all so strongly developed in the Bible, as a whole, that we hardly know which is most prominent. Dividing that book, however, into its two great sections, it is manifest that the Moral and the Physical are most prominent in the Old Testament, and the Spiritual and the Intellectual in the New. "The law [Moral and Physical] came by Moses, but grace [the Spiritual] and truth [the Intellectual] came by Jesus Christ." Nevertheless there is no positive neglect or re-

pulsion of the Spiritual and Intellectual in the Old Testament, or of the Moral and Physical in the New. Taking the Primitive Church, under Paul's administration, as the model-embodiment of Bible religion, we estimate its relative developments thus:

*SPIRITUAL. INTELLECTUAL. MORAL. PHYSICAL.*  
*Very Large, Large +, Large, Full.*

Here is the true taper, from the Spiritual to the Physical—a development rightly balanced.

It may be expected that we shall give our estimate of the character of the denomination to which we ourselves belong.\* We have no objection to this, except that our impartiality may be liable to doubt. Our estimate of Perfectionists as a religious body, however, is not altogether favorable. We characterize them thus:

*SPIRITUAL. INTELLECTUAL. MORAL. PHYSICAL.*  
*Very Large, Full, Moderate, Very Small.*

Here is too much taper from the Spiritual to the Physical. The Spiritual robs all the other departments. The jealousy of inspiration against learning, exists more or less among Perfectionists. The moral part of their farm is very much uncultivated. And the physical, at least so far as outward religious order is concerned, has not yet been worked at all, or even fenced in. However, their developments *taper the right way*. The Spiritual is the head, and the Physical the tail. This is according to the Bible-model. It may be reasonably expected that in process of time their Spiritual life will go forth freely into the Intellectual, that the Intellectual will enlarge and refine the Moral, and that the Moral will spread order and beauty over the Physical. We confidently hope to see them grow into the symmetry of the Primitive Church.

\* This refers to the old sect of Perfectionists, which was scattered about the country in 1844, but can hardly be said to exist at the present time.

#### SCRAPS AND TALKS, FROM THE OLD TRUNK IN THE GARRET.

[H. H. S., who has edited this column, is away at W. C. this week; so some one else must go to the "trunk in the garret" (which, by the way, is now conveniently situated down stairs) and cull from its contents. Ah, here is material inexhaustible, if it would only do to print! How fascinating these files of old letters, yellow with age, dog-eared and fringed about the margin! Now these from J. H. N. to his mother and sisters after he went away to school at Amherst, a homesick boy of ten; these college rhymes; these letters written later during his heart-throes at Andover; these notes of his life in the trap-shop. But perhaps these must lie here till the two thousand-paged O. C. tract is compiled. Now we come to the Family Register. It is a well-known phenomenon that people who always live together, holding the same relative position in regard to age, seldom note on each other's faces the marks of time. The man who was thirty when you were fifteen, is thirty to you still, though your years now number twenty-five. Perhaps a separation of a few years may discover, on meeting, a wrinkle or a silver thread: but the strangeness worn away, to you he is thirty again, and may always be. So to us who were small children when the O. C. started, the fathers and mothers seemed to be of the same age as now, and it is with some wonder that we observe on glancing at the opening pages of this Register—where are given the name, age, and nativity of the members—how youthful were these pioneers in Communism. There were but seven above forty; nearly all the rest were between twenty and thirty-seven. Look! E. H. H. and wife, twenty-seven and twenty-four; H. W. B. and wife twenty-eight, and

\* We do not mean that Millerism is *spiritual* in the good sense of the word, but simply that it deals largely in the supernatural. "There are gods many, and lords many," and many kinds of spirituality.

twenty-seven. It is just here that the second generation now are. May we be worthy of those who have gone before! But we must on; we are getting no "Scraps." Ah, we have it! We'll snatch the opportunity of H. H. S.'s absence to insert this portrait of her, which we find in the family gallery, taken just twenty years ago. Before proceeding to Mr. N.'s summary, let's pause a moment over the observations of the circle. The character is evidently a puzzler. Said to be high-toned, chaste, refined, talented, brilliant, spiritual; she is withal so self-depreciatory that few can understand, though all love her. Mr. P., whose sayings are always unique, remarked that "when he first saw her, he thought her an ordinary woman; but one had to dig through, to where the goodness lies, and when you get at it, it's there; for himself, he admired her very much." You *admire* her, "said Mr. N.; "is it simply admiration you feel?" "Well, that's a good deal," replied Mr. P.; "but I love her, and I love her considerable, if that's any better." Now for the portrait. We only wish we had her present photograph to put beside it.]

#### Criticism of H. H. S.

She has a heart and intellect that give her a high position, not only in general, but in her character as a lover; she is highly capable of being loved and of loving. Her affections and her intellect make the quality of her life attractive; and yet there is difficulty in getting at it. It is like a chestnut in a burr; we know there is something good to eat there, but it is surrounded by thorns. The beginning of her difficulty goes back to the Noyes blood. Our father and mother were very unlike. Mother was naturally free and open-hearted—free in religion and free in sociability. Father was very reserved. He did not marry till he was forty years old, and would not have done so then, if mother had not drawn him into it. They were engaged; he was attentive, free and agreeable in conversation; but talked philosophy, and anything remote from the heart. She told him he should stop talking philosophy, and go to talking love, or they would quit; and upon that he married her. He never would talk love. He was seldom heard to express emotion of any kind; he considered it childish and feminine. He had the same reserve in religion. He would talk *about* religion, and was quite a theologian; but go near his heart, or touch his personal experience, and he was as close and guarded and impenetrable as a chestnut in its burr. He was intelligent and very entertaining in conversation; he made society pleasant around him; but he would never allow any approach to his interior life. A determined reserve repelled every such attempt. It was not excess of shame or false modesty, but excess of sensibility. The Noyeses, wherever I have found them, have the same characteristic. We have ever so many bachelor cousins, who can't get married because they are so wonderfully sensitive; they never let anybody know they have any hearts. H. has a great deal of this excessive sensibility, or ticklishness, which, when you touch her heart, makes her jump and run away from you.

Another thing which has added to this difficulty is this: She is not naturally very beautiful externally. I put her with myself in that respect. Until within three or four years, I never imagined a woman could love me except from principle, because I thought I was so homely. Until I grew lean and pale-faced, my cheeks were as freckled as a toad's back, and I had red hair—"sorrel-top" I used to be called, and I looked so uncomely, that I never expected to make

myself agreeable to woman as a lover. H. grew up with the same feeling, thinking she was almost an outrage on nature, and never expecting to be attractive or loved. In the world a person's looks have in reality a good deal to do with their attractiveness, and with their own estimate of themselves. But here the case is different. She conceived of herself as never to be an object of attraction, only as she might commend herself by her intellect or her virtues. This thought made her hopeless in regard to love, and this hopelessness made her withdraw herself from competition. In love, as in every thing else, we must bring what we have into the market, at least where it can be seen, and not put people to the trouble of running after us, if we would have lovers.

Besides all this, she had a strange conception not only that she was unattractive to others, but that she had herself no capability of loving. The glass of her imagination reflected back this outside crust of indifference and unattractiveness, and she formed her opinion of herself from the chestnut burr. Her reflection did not turn inward, and she supposed that she was a cold, dry, barren, dead creature, with no heart. She saw only the chestnut burr, and said there was no chestnut there. I have had Herculean toils to beat this idea out of her. Many a time she has said, there was nothing but burr, and I have told her, she lied. This infatuation is gradually wearing off. She is finding out that she is capable of loving and of being loved, and I trust this evening will finish the work. I hope she will not set up her judgment against that of the whole Association. I think there is truth in Mr. S.'s remark, that there is a debt of gratitude she owes to God; that it is not a mere personal concern, but a patriotic interest, that she should conceive of herself aright.

#### BLACK CAPS.

**A**S the season is at hand for setting out new plantations of the raspberry, a few suggestions on the cultivation and management of the plants may perhaps not come amiss. We have grown this berry for the last twenty years, for market, and for family use, and generally with good success. Our method has been to set the plants in rows, six feet apart one way and from three feet to three and a half the other, on good land, which if previously well manured, so much the better; though in cases where manure is scarce, good crops may be realized from ground in an ordinary state of fertility; but like most other crops, proper manuring will always be found to pay well. After the plants are set out, the ground is kept thoroughly cultivated, until prevented by the running of the vines, when they should no longer be worked among, but allowed to strike root (which they will readily do if not disturbed), in order to furnish a future supply of plants. The second year after setting, we expect the plants, if they have done well, to bear half a full crop.

Some cultivators manage to get along without staking and tying up the vines, but thus far we have not succeeded satisfactorily without supports of some kind; especially during the first crop, when the vines are low and trailing, we find that a larger amount of fruit is obtained in better condition, and freer from dirt, when stakes

are used. Mulching, however, would operate to keep the berries clean; but during the second year's bearing, when the plants become loaded with foliage and fruit, the stools are liable to be tipped over, or broken down by the violence of storms; thus destroying, perhaps, much fruit, and also obstructing the passage of the horse and cultivator.

We sometimes use stakes, and a single wire. We drive short stakes into the ground, once in thirty feet, saw them off two feet above the ground, and fasten one end of the wire to a hub driven firmly into the earth. This wire is stretched the whole length of the row, and fastened on top of the stakes by means of wire staples, the end being secured in the same manner as the first. The ends of the vines are then gathered up and tied together in one place on the wire, half way between the stools, where during the gathering of the fruit the growth of the new canes is not interfered with. When the new canes have reached a few inches above the wire, their growth is stopped by pinching off the ends, which operation causes them to branch just above the wires thus giving room to tie the stool to the wire below the branches, and allowing them to retain their natural position. These form the stools which are to bear the future crop, and are now allowed to finish their growth without further interruption. By the use of wire, the first cost perhaps will be greater than when stakes alone are used; but in the end it will be found the cheaper method, as the wire will last many years, and may be moved as occasion requires.

At the second year's bearing we calculate on a full crop, and the only full one, that will be obtained from the same plants. It is well known to cultivators of this variety of raspberry that after the second crop many of the stools begin to fail, or run out, as it is termed; and that the fruit of the third crop, though it may be considerable in quantity, is frequently small, poor, and seedy; and in case of hot, dry weather, dries up on the bushes. Our study for the last year or two has been, how to obviate the difficulty, or rather how to manage so as to get nearly if not quite as much fruit from the same ground in two years as we now get in three—which is the extent of the time that we have found it profitable to cultivate the same plantation, even under the most favorable circumstances. The following is a plan we have hit upon, by which we think we shall accomplish our object; and we present it in hope that others may be induced to try the experiment. The plan involves no risk, or increase of expense, save the addition of fifty per cent. in the number of plants to the acre.

In the first place prepare the ground intended for a plantation, by deep plowing, and make it in good condition by proper manuring. Then mark it off in rows six feet apart one way, and four feet the other, at right angles; and, on the supposition that the fruit grower raises his own plants, take none but the best, such as have struck root from the ends of the strongest shoots. Lift the plants carefully and set them out well. By placing a plant on each side of the four-feet cross-mark, and one foot apart, open spaces are left, of three feet one way and six feet the other, for the passage

of the cultivator during the first season; after which time, but one path will be left open to the cultivator. Proceed in other respects as previously described, with the exception that the stools standing in doubles, are to be tied apart to stakes placed between the hills in the three-foot spaces: and as we now have fifty per cent. more plants on the same amount of land, than when set after the usual method, we may reasonably expect that the yield of fruit will be in the same ratio.

In case the new canes which spring forth, and which are to bear the second year's crop, need thinning, the weaker ones should be broken out in early growth, in order to give those which remain a better chance. Allowing that the second year's crop is to be the last, no new canes should be allowed to grow during that season, but should be broken away, in order to give those in bearing the full strength of the root, which as we have often proved, tends very much to increase the size, and consequently the amount of fruit. After this manner we shall expect to get nearly, or quite as much in two years, as in the ordinary way we gather in three, and all large and first quality berries. Still if the cultivator choose to harvest a small third crop of inferior fruit, he can do so with even better prospects than when cultivated in the usual manner; for the reason that having a greater number of plants, he may cut out one-third, which would perhaps dispose of nearly all of the poorest, and still leave a fair stock for bearing.

H. T.

#### FISH AS FOOD.

In one of our exchanges we find the following:

"Professor Agassiz advocates fish-culture from an educational point of view. The use of fish as an article of food strengthens the intellectual powers. More than any other product it stimulates the faculties of the mind, and develops all its resources. Fish, in the view of Professor Agassiz, is not simply a luxury; it is a necessity of our advancing civilization. It promotes thought, is the best restorative for a weakened brain, is food for the intellectual functions, and aids in the promotion of a higher culture."

We have not seen the article from which the above was condensed, but the idea interested us, as being in harmony with the tastes and instincts of the community. Fish held a prominent place in the dietetics of Christ and the apostles. Even after his resurrection Christ cooked fish and ate them with his disciples. (John 21: 10-15.) Remember, too, how miraculously he fed the multitudes with bread and fishes. Modern science seems to be endorsing the teachings and practices of the Bible men in a variety of ways.

F. W. S.

#### THE INDIAN QUESTION.

**T**HE opening of the Pacific R. R., with the tide of emigration setting westward, and the growing hostility of the Indians, seem to demand at the present time, a final settlement of this vexed question. Some are still hopeful in regard to the ultimate civilization of Indians, and advocate the establishment of missions, agricultural schools, and ware-houses, among them, by the government. Others are disgusted with all attempts at improving their condition, and demand decided and stringent measures.

In this conflict of opinion, it may be interesting to notice what have been the results of previous efforts in their behalf. Connecticut affords a good illustration. When first settled by the English, there were about twenty thousand savages within the limits of the state, divided into ten or twelve tribes. The English settled among them in some instances, at their urgent request, and acted as their umpires, or peacemakers. The early colonists were eminently reli-

gious, and entered with zeal upon the work of their conversion. They established schools among them, and printed the Bible in their language. The colonial government even appropriated a considerable sum annually to the support of missionaries among them. The ministers in the different settlements considered the surrounding Indians as a part of their parishes, and gave them stated religious instruction. But after all their efforts, Dr. Trumbull tells us that they never formed an Indian Church in Connecticut, or induced the race to adopt the forms of civilized life. To cite an individual case, we might take Uncas for an example.

Uncas, it will be remembered was a Mohegan sachem, a special favorite and pet of the English, who came under their influence at an early age. One of the missionaries even taught school in his house, and he was a frequent attendant of divine worship. But the effect of their treatment on his character, may be gathered from the following anecdote.

In one of his wars with the Narragansets, he captured Miantonomah, their chief; and knowing that he was a deadly enemy of the whites, he took him to Hartford, and delivered him over in triumph to the English. After an examination, they decided that he deserved death, and returned him to Uncas, with the request that he might not be tortured. Uncas, with a small escort, marched him back to the place where he was captured; then one of his men at a signal, came up behind the prisoner, and with a blow from his hatchet, split open his head. Uncas immediately drew out his knife, cut a large piece of flesh from his shoulder, and ate it in savage triumph; declaring it was the sweetest meat he ever tasted, and that it made his heart strong. Mr. Eliot, the noted Indian apostle, at one time collected a large number of leading Indian men, near Hartford, and after preaching in his most eloquent and earnest manner, closed his remarks by asking them if they would accept Christ as their savior? After a brief council, they rejected the offer with scorn.

B. B.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1869.

### AMERICAN SOCIALISMS.

NO. XXVIII.

#### THE JEFFERSON CO. ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association, though not properly a member of the group that radiated from Rochester, and somewhat remote from Western New York, was named among the Confederated Associations, and sent a delegate to the Bloomfield Council. Three successive notices of it occur in *The Phalanx*, which we here present.

[From *The Phalanx*, Oct. 5, 1843.]

This Association has been commenced through the efforts, principally, of A. M. Watson, Esq., the President, who for some years past has been engaged in advocating and disseminating the principles of Association in Watertown and that section of the State. There are over three hundred persons now on the Domain, which consists of twelve or fifteen hundred acres of superior land, finely watered, and situated within two or three miles of Watertown; it is composed of several farms, put in by farmers, who have taken stock for their lands, and joined the Association. Very little cash capital has been paid in; the enterprise was undertaken with the subscription of property—real estate, provisions, tools, implements, &c.—brought in by the members, who were principally farmers and mechanics in the neighborhood, and the result is an interesting proof of what can be done by union and combined effort among the producing classes. Different branches of mechanics have been established, contracts for building in Watertown have been taken (men are sent from the Association to do the work), and an organization of labor into Groups or Squads, with their foremen or leaders, has been made to some extent. The agricultural department is prosecuted with vigor, and when last heard from, the Association was flourishing. We hope from this Association that perseverance and constancy—for it of course has many difficulties to contend with—which will insure success, and give another proof of the truth of the great principles of 'combined efforts' and 'united interests.'

[From *The Phalanx*, Nov. 4, 1843.]

"The following statement from the *Black River Journal* of October 6th, exhibits the affairs of the Jefferson Co. Association in a gratifying light, and shows that so far it has been extremely prosperous and successful. The fact alone of a profit having been made, whether much or little, affords a strong proof of the advantages of associated effort, for we apprehend that either farmers or mechanics working separately, would generally, find it difficult to show a balance in their favor upon the settlement of their accounts. But a net profit of nearly thirteen thousand dollars, or twenty-five per cent. upon the capital invested, for the first six months that a small association has been in operation, under circumstances by no means the most favorable, is striking and incontestable evidence to that effect. Before a great while we shall have many such cases to record.

#### ABSTRACT OF SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT.

The first Semi-Annual Report of the property, expenditures and proceeds of labor of the Jefferson County Industrial Association, was submitted to a meeting of the stock-holders on Monday the 2d inst.

Since the organization of the Association in April last, the real and personal property acquired by purchase and subscription, has reached the amount of \$54,892.10

This is subject to reduction by the amount of subscribed property applied to the purchase of real estate..... 5,458.28

Total property on hand ..... \$49,833.82

The aggregate product of the several departments of business, to Sept. 23d. .... \$20,301.67

Expense of same, including all purchases of goods and supplies..... 7,831.95

Net proceeds ..... \$12,969.72

Of this has been expended in improvement of buildings, making a brick-yard, and preparing summer fallows..... 1,365.00

Balance on hand ..... \$11,604.72

This balance consists of agricultural products in store, brick manufactured and now on hand, proceeds of jobbing contracts, earnings of mechanics' shops, &c.

Published by order of the President and Board of Directors.

[Extract from the report of A. M. Watson to the Confederate Council, May 15, 1844.]

"The Jefferson County Association has made its first annual statement, by which it appears that Capital in that Institution will receive a fraction over six per cent. interest. Owing to inattention to the principles of Association, and a defective and incomplete organization of Industry into Groups and Series, as well as to the fact that in the commencement much time is lost, labor in this Institution fails to obtain its fair remuneration. Another circumstance which has operated to the disadvantage of labor, is, that no allowance has been made in its favor, in the annual settlement, for Working Dresses. These facts are conclusive, to my mind, that the disadvantages of improper or inadequate organization in all Institutions, will be even more injurious to Labor than to Capital.

"This institution commenced operations without the investment of much, if any, cash capital, and they now are somewhat embarrassed for want of such means. A subscription to their stock of two thousand dollars in cash, or a loan of that amount for a reasonable time, for which good security could be given, would, in my opinion, place them in a situation to carry on a very profitable business the ensuing year. If this obstacle can be surmounted, I know of no institution of better promise than this. This would seem to be but a small matter; but when the fact is considered that they are located in the midst of a community which sympathizes but little in the movement, while many exert themselves to increase the embarrassment by decrying their responsibility, it will readily be seen that their situation is unenviable. Their responsibility, when compared with that of most business concerns in the country, is more real than that of a majority of business men who are considered perfectly solvent. Considering the difficulties and embarrassments through which they have already struggled, I have strong confidence in their ultimate success. The whole number of members will not vary much, at this time, from one hundred and fifty. They have reduced, by sale, their lands to about eight hundred acres, and I refer you to the annual report for further information as to their liabilities."

We perceive in the depressed tone of this report, as well as in the reduction of numbers and land which it exhibits, that decline had begun and failure was impending. Nothing more is said in *The Phalanx* about this Association, except that it sent a delegate to a Socialist Convention that met in New York city on the 7th of October, 1844. We have to fall back, as usual, on Macdonald, for the "summing up" and final moral. He says:

"After a few months, disagreements became general. Their means were totally inadequate; they were too ignorant of the principles of Association; were too much crowded together, and had too many idlers among them. There was bad management on the part of the officers, and some were suspected of dishonesty. As times grew better, many of those who

joined on account of 'hard times' got employment and left, and many more thought they could do better in the world again, and did the same thing. The only aid they could get in their difficulties was from stock subscriptions, and that was not much. Men who invested actual property sustained heavy losses. One farmer who involved his farm lost nearly all he possessed. After existing about twelve months the land was sold to pay the debts, and the Association disbanded."

#### THE MOOREHOUSE UNION

Is mentioned in the first number of *The Phalanx*, Oct. 1843, as one among the many Associations just starting at that time. Macdonald gives the following account of it:

"This experiment originated in the offer of a grant of land by A. K. Moorehouse, of Moorhouseville, Hamilton Co., N. Y., who owned 60,000 acres of land in the counties of Hamilton, Herkimer and Saratoga. As most of this land was situated in what is called the 'wilderness of New York,' he could find few persons who were willing to purchase and settle the inhospitable wild. Under these circumstances he offered to the Socialists as much of 10,000 acres as they might clear in three years, hoping that an Association would build up a village and form a nucleus round which individuals and Associations might settle and purchase his lands.

"The offer was accepted by an Association formed in New York city, and several capitalists promised to take stock in the enterprise; but none was ever paid up. In May 1843, Mr. Moorehouse arrived at Piseco from New York, with a company of pioneers; who were soon followed by others, and the work commenced. The locality chosen at Lake Piseco was situated about five miles from Lake Pleasant, the county-seat, a village of eight or nine houses and a court-house. On the arrival of the party it was found that Mr. Moorehouse had made some improvements, which he was willing to exchange for \$2,000 of stock in the Association. This was agreed to. He also engaged to furnish provisions, tools, &c., and take his pay in stock. The land on which the Association commenced its labors was a gift from Mr. Moorehouse; but the *improvements*, which consisted of a hundred and twenty acres of cleared land with a few buildings, was accepted as stock at the above valuation.

"The money, property, and labor was put into common stock. Labor was rated at fifty cents per day, no matter of what kind. A store was kept on the premises, in which articles were sold at prime cost, with an allowance for transportation, &c. By the constitution, the members were entitled to scrip representing the excess of wages over the amount of goods received from the store; or, in other words, laborers became stockholders in proportion to that excess. No dividends were to be declared for the first five years.

"The persons thus congregated to carry out the principles of Association [number not stated], belonged to a variety of occupations; but it appears that but few of them were adapted to the wants of the Community. Some of the members were intelligent and moral people, but the majority were very inferior.

"The most common religious belief among them was Methodist; but a large proportion of them did not profess any religion, and some were what is commonly called Infidels.

"No property qualifications were necessary to the admission of members. It appears that they were obtained by an agent, who took indiscriminately all he could get. The Constitution and laws of the Association were printed.

"Though the persons congregated here had left but humble homes and poor circumstances generally speaking, yet the circumstances now surrounding them were worse than those they had left, and as a natural consequence there was a deterioration of character.

"Not having formed any organization in the city as is customary in such experiments, they received no aid from without; and the want of this aid does not appear to have insured success, as some enthusi-

astic Socialists have imagined that it would; but on the contrary a most signal failure ensued.

"The leading persons were Mr. Moorehouse and a relative of his named Brown. The former furnished everything and turned it in as stock. The latter kept the store and the accounts. The members do not appear to have been acquainted with the mode in which either the store or books were kept.

"At the commencement, when they were sufficiently supplied from the store, they agreed tolerably well; but during the latter period of the experiment, when Mr. Moorehouse began to slack off in buying things for the members, there was a good deal of disagreement. The store was nearly always empty, and when anything was brought into it, there was a general scramble to see who should get the most. This, as a matter of course, produced much jealousy and quarrelling. All kinds of suspicions were afloat, and it was generally reported that the executive, including the store-keeper, fared better than the rest.

"Some work was done, and some improvements were made upon the land. Rye and potatoes were planted, and probably consumed. The experiment existed a few months, and then by degrees died away.

"The following from a friend who took part in the experiment, will give the reader a nearer view of the causes of the failure:

"The population congregated at Piseco, was composed of all nations, characters, and conditions; a motley group of ill-assorted materials, as inexperienced as it was heterogeneous. We had some specimens of the raw material of human nature, and some of New York manufacture spoiled in the making. There were philosophers and philanthropists, bankrupt merchants and broken-down grocery-keepers; officers who had retired from the Texan army on half-pay; and some who had retired from situations in the New York ten-pin alleys. There were all kinds of ideas, notions, theories, and whims; all kinds of religions; and some persons without any. There was no unanimity of purpose, or congeniality of disposition; but there was plenty of discussion, and an abundance of variety, which is called the spice of life;—this spice however constituted the greater part of the fare, as we sometimes had scarcely anything else to eat.

"At first we were pretty well off for provisions; but soon the supplies began to be reduced; and in November, the list of luxuries and necessities commenced with rye, and ended with potatoes, with nothing between! As the supplies were cut off, the number of members decreased. They were starved out; but of course the starving process was slower in those cases where the individuals had not the means of transportation back to the white settlements. When I left the 'promised land,' in March 1844, there were only six families remaining. I had determined to see it out; but the state of things was so bad, and the prospects ditto, that I could stand it no longer. I thought the whole would soon fall into the hands of Mr. Moorehouse, and I could not afford to spend any more time in a cause so hopeless. I had given nine months' time, was half starved, got no pay, had worn out my clothes, and had my best coat borrowed without leave, by a man who went to New York some time before. This I thought might suffice for one experiment. I left the place less sanguine than when I went there, that Associations could succeed without capital, and without a good selection of members. Yet my belief was as firm as ever in the coming abolition of conflicting interests, and the final harmonious reconstruction of society."

Here ends the history of the Fourier Associations in the state of New York.

Looking over what remains of our materials, we judge that the end of the whole series is not far off. We shall not have occasion to linger long among the memorials of the Associations of the Middle and Western States. Their stories are generally but repetitions or variations of those we have told for New England and New York. Brook Farm and the North American Phalanx were the most important

representatives of the Fourier movement. We reserve them for more full treatment at the close;—hoping even that we may get more authentic accounts of them than we have at present. If we are not led off into very long speculations by what we meet with hereafter, we shall probably get through in the course of six or eight numbers.

#### COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

[For the week ending Apr. 17.]

##### ONEIDA.

—The children are having a fine time frolicking in the glorious sunshine with which we are favored this week.

—The amount of change, involving the alteration and destruction of old buildings and the construction of the new, which has taken place within the twenty-one years of the existence of the Community in this place, is a significant indication of its rapid growth. It is somewhat like the lobster who must needs get rid of his old shell, and fashion a new one at every epoch of his growth. One of the workmen who had a share in bringing about several of these periodic changes remarked that we ought to have our buildings put together with screws and placed on castors to facilitate these changes.

—The most conspicuous matter to arrest our attention this week, is the departure of the old Children's House. Some of our members whose childhood days were spent in it, are tempted to feel a touch of sentiment on the occasion. The fact of having lived in a house twenty years or more, gives our imaginations some of the same impressions of fixedness concerning it, that we associate with a mountain. It therefore seems somewhat odd to hear the engineers and carpenters talk of moving it off down into the tomato patch, in three or four days; and we are disposed to look upon the man who has undertaken the job, with a feeling akin to awe. The nonchalant way in which his men knocked holes in the foundation-wall, and put their jacks (as they designate their screw contrivances) under the sills, and, with an apparently easy motion of their arms on the levers, raised up one side of the building at a time; was certainly very interesting to witness. One is led to inquire where the power is that does all this? Philosophers would probably tell us, that the building is raised by corn-and-potatoe power. The farmers raised the potatoes, and the potatoes, transmuted into human strength, raised the building.

—The destruction of shade-trees necessitated by the removal of the old, and the construction of the new building, also affects our sensibilities to some extent. Five, or more have already fallen, and more must soon follow. A large branch even of the venerable old butternut was threatened; but rather than have it mutilated, a thriving young balsam was cut down, to make room for the exit of the old house.

—The bathers, since the snow melted away, have often paused in their walks, to observe the many mouse-holes in the turf near their path, sometimes picking up and cutting in two one of the nests to examine the interior. One of the party, who always finds something in every little fact to illustrate some great principle, thus philosophizes concerning the matter: "These nests interest me because they are the simple and primary form of a home. These creatures build their homes by pure inspiration. Birds, as soon as they can fly, build themselves nests without any previous experience, and have an inspired enthusiasm about it. This idea of home proceeds from God. The universe is God's home. The outside of a true home may be rough, but the inside is lined with the softest and warmest things that can be found. The idea of home begins in the most interior part of our spiritual nature, and works outward. Our spirits are busy with our intellects to make a happy home for themselves. Our intellects wish to have good surroundings in our moral natures; and spirit, intellect and moral nature join together to make good physical surroundings. The Community is God's home, and our united hearts are the wisps of straw intertwined around it."

—In answer to a revival minister, who urges on

the Community various measures of benevolence and reform, J. H. N. writes:

"What we want is that the revival churches should resolve themselves into Communities. This is just what the revival spirit leads to. It is the spirit of Pentecost. It is the Spirit of Christ; and Christ's programme is set forth in his final prayer that his disciples may be one, as he and his Father are one. By this the world is to know them and their connection with him. Every revival the churches have, persuades them in this direction. It would not be difficult for them to yield to this persuasion; and under the leadings of Providence, which surely go with it, they would be safe. They would have to get new faith in the power of the grace of God; and not reject the hope of salvation from sin. And this is just what the revival spirit always sets before them. Also they would have to get strength to expel from among them men and women that are too selfish for Communism. And this is just what they need anyhow. They are dwindling and perishing as they are, because they keep these selfish men and women among them. Every true church is a Community at heart; and every true church member is a Communist, because Christ and the spirit of Pentecost is their life. Let the ministers rise up into this view and lead forth the devoted men and women of their churches, as they used to lead them into the heart-searchings and New Measures of the revivals; and God will go before them and be their rear-ward. Is it not a shame that Unitarians and Nothingarians and Infidels should have to set the revival churches the example of forsaking all and risking all for Communism? Again and again the Owenites and the Fourierites have heroically but vainly attempted to do, what belongs to the Christian church to do, and what Christ intends that it shall do. We have had two great movements toward Communism; first, the infidel movement of the Owenites; second, the semi-religious movement of the Fourierites. It only remains to try a thoroughly religious movement. The demonstration of the possibilities of Communism will not be complete, and the world will not be satisfied, till this is done. This is evidently the next thing to be done. The revival churches will not advance any farther till they undertake this job. Communism, daily meetings, mutual criticism—these are the New Measures of the coming revivals; and with these measures, the churches will be able to keep and perfect their converts, as they never have done heretofore. With these measures, carried out in the heroic spirit of the old revivals, the churches may place themselves at once at the head of the great column of progressive civilization, where they belong. Without them, they are falling behind the Infidels, and will surely lose the respect of the world."

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."

*Buffalo, April 9, 1869.*

DEAR CIRCULAR:—You have heard of the deeply smitten youth who asserted with much feeling that to him there were but two places in the universe: the one where his beloved *was*, and the other where she *was not*. Now I am not so far gone as to say that there is but one day in the whole week to me; but there certainly is but one red-letter day, and that is the one on which I receive my CIRCULAR. True, I have access to a daily newspaper wherein I get my murders, my police reports, my price-current, my divorce histories, my fashionable intelligence, and my abstract and brief chronicles of men and things in town and country. But I find that the more information I get from all these quarters the more unsatisfied I am with the world and its goings on. "Man's inhumanity to man," is not a cheerful and profitable subject for daily contemplation. Copper must have had special reference to his daily newspaper when he said,

"My ear is pained,  
My soul is sick with every day's report  
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled."

Therefore it is that I welcome so warmly the CIRCULAR, which comes to me freighted with a different

kind of intelligence and seems in some measure to answer the soul's inquiry—"Who shall show us any good?" Conceive then of the disappointment when the said valuable paper fails to make its appearance at the time it is due, which it did this very week, as the subjoined extracts from my journal will show.

*Tuesday, Apr. 6, 2, P. M.*—The day, and no post-man—the hour, and no paper; (cheerfully) a little delay, perhaps; doubtless it will come at 9. A. M. tomorrow.

*Wednesday, 8, P. M.*—*Solus, waiting for the postman, who does n't come.* (*Impatiently*) No CIRCULAR again to-day? Decidedly this is too bad! I wonder who is to blame? (This to the ceiling over-head.) I know that the paper was published at the usual time, and I am equally satisfied that one was mailed to my address just at the moment. I have not heard that the bridge at Rochester over the Genesee has taken its annual leap in imitation of Sam Patch; nor did the inundation at Tonawanda affect the track, that I have been informed. I must abuse somebody, and as I am compelled to exonerate the publishers, and exculpate the railroad, I am obliged to confine my anathemas to Uncle Sam, and limit my objurgations to his minions. Yes, that is it—some varlet of a clerk has kept back my paper to look into it, and then forgotten it—not knowing that he was keeping back from me a portion of my necessary food, my week's allowance of spiritual aliment (for I repudiate the idea in an emphatic parenthesis that our daily bread means the loaf we get round the corner—it means letters among other things, and my CIRCULAR is a letter in a sense). If the fault is really with the clerks, I must submit to it and just write for another copy. I could not endure to exist, and not know what I would have lost by not receiving this week's paper.

*Thursday, 2.30 P. M.*—At last! so I need not write; but I believe I will though, just to let them know what I have gone through on their account; just as a faithful wife recounts her anxieties and sufferings to her long absent, on his return, and reminds him to believe, that absent or present, he is very much to her.

*Friday.*—Such a good paper as this last one is, I would not have lost it for anything. Such exquisite pen portraits as those two are, especially that of Mrs. C. How highly favored are those, if they only knew it, who can sit to such a limner.

Unperturbedly yours, L.

#### WITCH-HAZEL.

*Willow-Place, April 16, 1869.*

DEAR CIRCULAR:—An incident related in "Smith's Story" on the subject of "witch-hazel," or the divining-rod, reminded me of a little experience of my own which occurred at W. C., while spending there a vacation from Yale. I will preface my story by saying that my experiments with witch-hazel at that time, were made simply for the purpose of demonstrating to myself and a few others, the power, real or assumed, of certain individuals to determine the location of subterranean streams, by means of a crotched stick. The facts may go what for they are worth.

One day toward the close of April, 1866, the boys told me that K. (one of the hired men), "was a witch-hazel man," and "could tell every time he passed over a running brook, by using a crotched limb of a peach-tree held in his hand; and moreover that he had taught J. (one of our own boys) how to do it."

I had long wished for an opportunity to investigate the phenomenon; and so without waiting to hear further particulars, I hunted up J. and asked him to give me an exhibition of his powers, which he readily consented to do. Providing himself with a crotched peach-limb, we proceeded to the garden, across the road from the house, which was traversed at a depth of two and a-half feet below the surface, by a small lead pipe, conveying water from the house to the barn. Stationing himself at a distance of several rods from the line of the water-pipe, he took one of the crotched sticks, and proceeded to "get into position" as follows: Holding the stick by the prongs,

which were about a foot long, one in each hand, with the point downward, by a sudden twist toward the head he elevated the point of the crotch to an angle of about sixty degrees in front, and held it in that position by the grasp of the fingers; not an easy thing to do, especially as most of the strain came on the little finger. I stood where I could observe every motion, and having indicated to J. that all was ready, he began his solemn march toward the barn-yard. Crawling along inch by inch, he had approached within ten feet of the line of the water-pipe—the point of the crotch pointing upward as defiantly as ever, and I beginning to think meanwhile the whole thing a fizzle—when he suddenly exclaimed,

"I feel it now. The stick begins to move."

Sure enough! the elevated point had begun to descend, and as he arrived over the water-pipe, it pointed directly downward. This was startling! and the cause must be investigated. To make sure that there was no mistake, I had J. repeat the performance, requesting him to hold on to the stick as hard as he could. The second trial resulted as the first, with the additional evidence of power, in the fact that the bark of the stick was actually broken and twisted, in the struggle between muscular contraction on the one hand, and the mysterious attraction of the water on the other.

To vary the experiment, I then carefully blindfolded J., and after zig-zagging around for a few minutes, stationed him directly over the water-pipe for a new start. Having exhorted him to inform me if he felt the slightest pulling on the stick, I began to lead him directly away from the water-pipe. After going about the same distance as when not blindfolded, he announced a sensation, and the stick soon came to a perpendicular. There may have been water below the spot indicated. I could not say there was not; but still I felt doubtful, from the fact, that in digging in this part of the farm, we had usually encountered solid rock within four feet of the surface. Without telling J. where we were, we faced about, and for the third time advanced on the water-pipe. This time the stick gave no sign; not even when directly over it. Starting from there we traversed the entire line of the pipe, from one end of the garden to the other. The stick pointed persistently upward, and only dipped a little upon our striking the hard gravel walk.

Liberating J. from the handkerchiefs, I told him the result of the experiments. His faith in divining-powers and crotched peach-tree sticks, vanished on the instant.

We next decided to test K., whose gifts in this direction were considered of high order and marvelously correct in detail. After carefully and thoroughly blindfolding him we led him up the hill back of the house to a group of chestnut trees as a starting point. Stationing a man on each side as guides, we began to descend into a small gully near by. Both man and stick soon announced water; but as it was quite soft under foot we concluded he might be correct, and so passed on, climbing a sandy knoll or "hog's back." K. again proclaimed water; but as the ground sloped in every direction but one, we were a little skeptical as to the presence of anything liquid in that locality. Passing on, we deliberately marched down to the spring and stood on the edge of the pool with the divining peach-tree projecting over the water. No effect produced. We then slowly skirted around the spring, keeping the same relative position, but without producing the slightest indicative motion of the presence of water. Starting from thence we walked up the hill. The peach-tree soon began to bow, and K. said "water." Returning to the spring we again thoroughly tested its influence, but without producing any effect. Thinking that perhaps the stick would work better near running water, we passed on and crossed the brook below. I expected of course that here the two-pronged indicator would go down with a jerk. Nor was I disappointed. Disregarding my injunction to "make a long step," K. trod short, and both stick and man went into the ditch together. Small boy in the crowd remarked "water." Passing on down the side of the brook, we crossed the stream on foot

bridge; but peach-tree made no sign; then on up the hard gravelled walk to the apple trees, when K. stopped and said he felt water. May be he did. It was about three feet to solid rock and he probably struck a vein. We next went to the road and crossed and recrossed the line of the water-pipe; but K. failed to respond. This concluded our experiments.

J. expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the tests made, and remarked that "you would n't catch him in any such nonsense again."

There may possibly be people who can indicate the location of internal springs and streams by means of sticks or rods. By close observation and long experience persons can doubtless become skillful in determining the presence of underground water-courses from the conformation of the surface and character of the soil; and those who are unscrupulous may choose for their own amusement to mystify the public, by using a crotched stick or metallic rod; but we are well satisfied that the whole notion about the mysterious attraction between subterranean streams and witch-hazel prongs is one of the flimsiest of humbugs.

G. E. C.

#### PLANCHETTE.

*Wallingford, April 13, 1869.*

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Allow me to express somewhat of the sympathy and interest with which I have read the short Home-Talk by J. H. N., in the CIRCULAR of April 5th, on the subject of Spiritualism. While this Talk briefly shows how Spiritualism is subserving the interests of truth by checkmating Positivism, by indirectly defending the Bible and Revivals—notwithstanding the mass of Spiritualists lightly esteem the Bible—it also fitly urges on us, as Christian Communists, the importance of having "eyes right," in our march through the realms of Spiritualism, and of not being diverted from the great object before us by giving our attention to wonder-working mediums, and gazing at their marvelous external signs. For, surely, those who do not confess Christ as a Savior, can not be fit guides or edifying associates for Bible believers.

In the concluding sentence of the Talk, Mr. Noyes says: "The Planchette, used as an oracle, seems to me to be the devil's final substitute for the pocket-gods of the heathen." I have been strongly impressed with the justness of this statement, by reading an account given in the recently published book of J. L. Nevins, on "China and the Chinese." Mr. Nevins was ten years a missionary in China, and in a chapter on the superstitious beliefs of the Chinese concerning spirits, and the method they use for obtaining communications from these spirits, he has the following passage:

"Written communications from spirits are not unfrequently sought for in the following manner: After the presence and desired offices of some spirit are invoked, two or more persons support with their hands some object to which a pencil is attached in a vertical position, and extending to a table below, covered with sand. It is said that the movements of the pencil, involuntary as far as the persons holding it are concerned, but governed by the influence of spirits, describe certain characters which are easily deciphered, and which often bring to light remarkable disclosures and revelations. Many who regard themselves persons of superior intelligence are firm believers in this mode of consulting spirits."

Now whether the demon-worshippers of China make to themselves pocket-gods, like some other idolatrous nations, or not, it appears from Mr. Nevins's account above quoted, that they have in use a method of divination that is almost if not quite identical with the Planchette of modern Spiritualism.

J. L. S.

#### MAN-UFACTORIES.

*O. C. Kitchen, April 12, 1869.*

DEAR JOHN:—In my last I made some reference to the scarcity of men and women here among us, as compared to the number of offices there are for them to fill, and the consequent high value we put upon real Community people. According to Carey, the great Political Economist, this is one of the

surest signs of prosperity. He says that "in any Community where men, women, and children, houses, lands, corn and potatoes, horses and cattle, pig-iron, salt, stone-quarries, lime-kilns, butter and cheese, and in short all raw materials are in lively demand, there we shall find a prosperous people." He also says, that this demand will bring a continually increasing supply, and yet the demand will be constantly growing. The first mentioned articles especially, bear a very high price just now. Mr. H. has to pay four and five dollars a day for masons. It is not surprising that he should look around some to discover if possible, a home-made article. It takes twenty years and upwards, to grow a good mason clear from the beginning, and it requires some pains as well as patience.

It is a little curious that all the big cotton-factories, silk-factories, gun-factories, &c. &c., should go under the general name of manufactories. I suppose they are called so, because they draw together so many people who forthwith go into the business of making incipient men and women. But the most curious part of it is, that while they spare no expense in getting up their buildings and machinery for making their cotton, silken, or iron goods, the real manufactories are little, narrow, and often dirty and inconvenient houses; and no effort appears to be made to turn out a good marketable article. It is a fact that a large share of that most necessary production, is a very poor and flimsy article, and does not last one-half as long as it ought to.

It appears to me that they ought to turn the thing right round, and lay out their chief efforts on the manufactories, and if anything must suffer, let it be the cotton, silk, and iron, factories. That is what the O. C. is doing. A while ago we found that the fruit business was somewhat crowding the man-and-woman interest, and we threw it up at once, at an apparently great sacrifice of dollars. Moreover we are now laying out our best efforts on what we trust will be a first-class man-factory, and we hope to produce an article superior to anything the world has yet seen in that line of business.

Hoping that by the time twenty years are past, we shall show a good, large, sound stock of stone-masons, brick-layers, financiers, and valuable officers of every description, I will bid you good-bye.

H. J. S.

#### SMITH'S STORY.

xvi.

THE vessel in which I found myself afloat was a primitive structure, consisting of two pine logs, hollowed out by Indian hatchets, and fastened together by strips of wood at each end. When my comrades were coming through a narrow gorge where the river issued from the mountains their craft upset, their gun was lost, and their flour wet; so that all the arms they had left were two good knives. But I had an excellent double-barreled gun, a single-barreled pistol and revolver, with a liberal supply of ammunition. My companions were kind, generous-hearted, rough, illiterate, reckless fellows—a cross between the trapper and teamster. Two years previous to our encounter they had acted as teamsters in a government train which accompanied troops sent to Salt Lake to keep an eye on the Mormons. They had remained in one place as long as their natures would permit them, and were now on their way to St. Louis to spend, during the coming winter, the money they had earned within the past two years, which amounted to several hundred dollars each. They laid all sorts of foolish plans for spending it; and expected when it was gone to again take to a life on the plains.

The American Cyclopaedia says the "Platte river is wide, rapid, and shallow, full of sand-bars, with divided channels, and not navigable," to which I say, True to the letter, except that we found it decently navigable with canoes for forty miles east of Fort Laramie. After that it widened into the sandy plain, became from half a mile to three miles wide, and was so shallow in some places that it could be waded without wetting the thighs. The stream is rapid, and the sand so light that the water is filled with it. A

quart cup filled with the water and left to settle, will deposit on the bottom nearly an inch of pure sand. Earlier in the season, the river is no doubt much deeper; but in July it is too shallow to float a board in many places.

The first day we made fine progress; our labor merely consisting in guiding the boat in the channel. We kept a sharp look-out along the northern bank to discover the horse thief, but did not find him. At night we landed on a small island in the middle of the river; here we found plenty of brush-wood, of which we made a fire to cook our supper. We had a light frying-pan for cooking our meat; and a sheet-iron pan in which to mix and bake our bread. Usually we would fry our bacon, place it on a tin plate, together with some of the grease; then mix a thick batter of flour and water, and pour it into a well-greased frying-pan. This bread and meat, sprinkled with a little sugar, made splendid eating; and I used to think that when I got home I would have such a dish quite often. But somehow I have never hankered for it since I left the plains, and have come to the conclusion that it is especially adapted to that country.

In addition to the foregoing, I proposed having a cup of coffee. We always carried a tin cup at our belts; and I filled mine with water and placed it over the fire to heat. When nearly at the boiling point, a stick burned in two, and let the cup capsized into the fire. I made an attempt to save it, but was not quick enough, and only caught the dense steam as it rose from the fire. It burned the back of my hand more severely than I had ever before been burned. I at once ran to the river, and plunged my hand into the water. This eased the pain; but the moment I withdrew my hand, the pain was almost unendurable. The boys spread my buffalo-robe on the ground, and I took the bread-pan, filled it with water, and lay down on my back with my hand in it. I soon fell asleep, and had a good night's rest. The next day I kept my hand over the side of the boat in the water, and by night it was nearly well.

After the second day, we began to run on sand bars in the middle of the river. We would then step into the water and push, and pull, and lift for several minutes, and sometimes several hours, when again getting into a channel, we would go on, and endeavor to keep our boat in deep water; but in spite of all our efforts, we would sooner or later find ourselves a-ground again. If we succeeded in finding the main channel, it would not be long before it would branch into ten or twenty smaller ones, either of which being followed would land us at no great distance on a sand bar. We worked along in this manner for several days, and were in the water so great a share of the time, that our clothes were constantly wet. I soon discovered that this cold-water treatment had nearly cured my lame knee.

We began to experience great difficulty in procuring sufficient fuel to cook our food. One night we scoured the bank in every direction, but not a buffalo chip could we find; so we were forced to go supperless to bed. We started on at an early hour the next morning, and occasionally went ashore to see if we could find any chips; but in vain! and in the afternoon we had to make a dinner of raw bacon, and it was delicious.

One night we camped on the south bank of the river. I say camped—but the camp was very simple. We placed our box of provisions near us, to prevent any stray wolf from helping himself to its contents; then wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and lying down on the ground, slept soundly till morning. The night of which I now speak, we were lying up on a side hill, a few rods from the river's bank. The two teamsters were sleeping side by side, while I slept a little apart, above them. I always slept with my arms under me, so that they could not be meddled with, without disturbing me. I was awakened very early in the morning by something punching me in the ribs. I opened my eyes, and there by my side, stood a big Indian looking down upon me with glittering eyes—though their sparkle was that of mirthfulness rather than fierceness. I raised my head, and there stood five more Indians at my feet, near the other two sleepers. I got up without

showing any signs of fear, because I was not afraid. I thought at once, that if they had meant mischief, we never should have been permitted to awake in this world. I spoke to my comrades, and they also arose, with as much indifference to our visitors as if their presence were a matter of daily occurrence. It is probable that they accidentally discovered us, and paid us a visit out of curiosity. We gave each of them a small piece of bread, which seemed to please them. After satisfying their curiosity, they went about their own affairs, and we about ours.

The farther east we went, the more was our way filled with sand, till finally we began to despair of being able to complete our journey by boat. Still we were very loath to conclude that we must foot it five or six hundred miles to the Missouri river. But at length we were forced to admit that we could go much farther in a day a-foot, than we now did in our boat. It seemed like going to a funeral, to abandon those two logs; but it must be done, and we drew them alongside an island, on which I proposed to leave my trunk of clothes. While I looked over the contents of my trunk, to select a few of the most valuable articles to carry with me, the other two busied themselves in knocking apart the two boats, and splitting up the pieces which had united them. We proposed to make a good fire, even if we had to use the boats, and cook enough provisions to last us several days. I found myself at a loss to decide as to what I should carry with me; and so I called my comrades to assist me in deciding. Upon seeing the valuable contents of the trunk, they declared it was a shame to leave so good an assortment to decay on the island. This seemed true enough; but what else could we do?

"I'll tell you," said one of them, "may be we can hew off the old tubs so they will draw less water, and thus enable us to get along."

We caught at the idea, and hope began to revive. At any rate, we determined to try the plan, and if we failed, we should be no worse off. So we pulled the dug-outs upon shore, turned them bottom-side-up, and went to work at them. We had but one old ax, with but half a handle; and the dullest tool I ever saw of the ax kind. Still, the logs were pine, and by taking turns, we finally succeeded in getting off every chip we dared to. As it was, quite a number of holes were cut through in the bottoms and sides of the boats; these we stopped with shirts which I tore up for the purpose. As we had burned the pieces which had previously fastened the two boats together, we decided to try them separate. I was to take the smaller one, with my trunk, while the other two took the larger one, with the box of provisions. We soon discovered that the boats were not flat enough on the bottom, and that it would require great skill to navigate them without upsetting. We had proceeded but a short distance, before the boys' boat upset; and it was with great difficulty that the box of provisions was saved from a watery grave. This would never do; the boats must be lashed together; and most providentially, we had with us a piece of inch rope, long enough to go twice round the boats. With this we lashed them together in the middle. We now found that we drew less water, and we anticipated being able to yet reach the Missouri river in the dug-outs; but we were doomed to disappointment. The old difficulty returned; the depth of water grew less and less, till we became utterly disgusted with the river.

Before we deserted our craft, we had arrived within ten or twelve miles of a habitation, half-barbarous, half-civilized. The building was composed entirely of earth. The ruling spirit of the place, was a man who had originally been white, and perhaps beautiful to look upon; but he now was a mere beast. He was living with an Indian squaw, and had several half-breed children growing up around him, with a number of dogs but little removed from the wolf. The man's occupation was to herd a small drove of government mules, used in the pony express for carrying the U. S. mail across the Plains. He also kept a trading-post on a very small scale; and bartered a little with his brothers, the Indians and hunters.

This dwelling, you will understand, was on a trail

on the south side of the Platte river. In fact, I did not again touch the north bank of the river, after leaving Fort Laramie. In going out, we kept on the north bank because the road was shorter, and far superior to that on the south bank; but owing to the Pike's Peak emigration, stations had been established along the south bank of the Platte river, to its division into North and South Platte. At Julesburg, on the South Platte, one hundred and fifty miles from Denver, there was a crossing and a trail leading across the triangle made by the two Platte rivers, to the North Platte. At this point is another station called Fort Grattan. Emigrants can not keep directly down the south bank of the Platte from Fort Grattan, because of the brokenness of the land, so a long detour to the south has to be made; and in spite of every thing, one rocky hill has to be climbed over, which is of so formidable a character, that chains or ropes have to be attached to the back part of each wagon, passed over a windlass at the top of the hill, and let down by ox power. Thus this route is rendered very objectionable to loaded teams going through to Salt Lake. But owing to its greater facilities for wood and water, it had to be chosen for the mail route; for the mail carriers must have relays of horses, and provision depots at convenient distances, even though their route be longer and more difficult. As soon, therefore, as we discovered that we must abandon our boat, we made for the south bank; for we could only carry enough provisions to last us a few days, and then we should have to buy at these stations. When I say the trail was on the south bank of the river, I do not wish to be understood as meaning that it necessarily ran within a few rods of the river; for sometimes it would be ten or fifteen miles distant, though at intervals it approached very near.

Drawing our boats upon the bank, my two comrades divided the provisions and cooking utensils between them, and left me free to make a pack of my most valuable articles to sell at the "Ranch." As I before mentioned, I had a large quantity of ammunition—lead, powder and caps. Taking these, with two pairs of new shoes and one of boots, I tied them in a sort of cradle-quilt I had, and slung them on my gun. I folded my blanket and placed it on my shoulder for a pad, and then flung my load over my shoulders. Before starting, I gave each of my comrades a new pair of pantaloons, and a new pair of shirts. Coats and vests we had no use for, and so I left them, together with other valuable articles of clothing, including one new overcoat, worth in that country fifty dollars. All being ready, we started on our tramp.

**THE LAST COMPLAINT.**—We are quite used to being bluntly informed by various writers, of our manifold short-comings. If we were to follow the example of the man with the donkey we should meet as melancholy a fate. A new correspondent, who has read a few Nos. of the CIRCULAR, accuses us of having Anglophobia "bad." How funny!

**A NEW RUB.**—The buffaloes have found in the telegraph-poles of the overland line a new source of delight on the treeless prairie—the novelty of having something to scratch against. But it was expensive scratching for the telegraph company; and there, indeed, was the rub, for the bison shook down miles of wire daily. A bright idea struck somebody to send to St. Louis and Chicago for all the brad-awls that could be purchased; and these were driven into the poles with a view to wound the animals and check their rubbing propensity. Never was a greater mistake. The buffaloes were delighted. For the first time, they came to the scratch sure of a sensation in their thick hides that thrilled them from horn to tail. They would go fifteen miles to find a brad-awl. They fought huge battles around the poles containing them, and the victor would proudly climb the mountainous heap of rump and hump of the fallen and scratch himself into bliss until the brad-awl broke or the pole came down. There has been no demand for brad-awls from the Kansas region since the first invoice.

—*Hartford Courant.*

#### A LITTLE BOY'S POCKET.

Do you know what's in my pottet?  
Such a lot of treasures in it!  
Listen now while I bedin it;  
Such a lot of sings it hold,  
And every sin dat's in my pottet,  
And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all, here's in my pottet  
A beauty shell—I picked it up:  
And here's the handle of a tup  
That somebody has broke at tea;  
The shell's a hole in it, you see;  
Nobody knows dat I dot it,  
I keep it safe here in my pottet.

And here's my ball, too, in my pottet,  
And here's my pennies, one, two, fre,  
That Aunty Mary gave to me;  
To-morrow day I'll buy a spade,  
When I'm out walking with the maid;  
I can't put that here in my pottet,  
But I can use it when I've dot it.

Here's some more sings in my pottet!  
Here's my lead, and here's my string,  
And once I had an iron ring,  
But through a hole it lost one day;  
And this is what I always say—  
A hole's the worst sin in a pottet,  
Have it mended when you've dot it.

—*Exchange.*

#### ITEMS.

J. LATHROP MOTLEY has been nominated Minister to England.

It is reported that General Prim will come out to Cuba as Captain-General, with large reinforcements.

A. T. STEWART has offered to pay two millions of dollars for the franchise of the proposed Broadway railroad through New York city.

CIVIL war continues with increased violence in Japan, and the adherents of the Tycoon are making some progress.

IT was announced by Earl Granville that the Hudson Bay Company has agreed to cede its territorial rights to the British government on the terms which are proposed.

THE daughter of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, a girl of twelve years, is said to possess much of the great talent of her mother and to have an excellent voice.

FOUR hundred and sixty-six applications for patents were filed during the week ending the 6th inst., and one hundred and six caveats entered. The number of patents ordered to be issued on the 13th is two hundred and fifty-eight.

MR. BANKS offered a resolution tendering sympathy to the Cuban patriots, and promising support to the President whenever a republican government having been established, he may deem it expedient to recognize their independence. The rules were suspended and the resolution adopted by yeas ninety-eight, nays twenty-four.

COL. TOTTEN has decided, after a series of tidal observations, taken at Panama and Aspinwall Bay, and connected by accurate levels along the line of railroad, that the mean height of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is exactly the same. This shows, says an exchange, that the stock of the Pacific Railway may be watered at either end with equal facility.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M. B., Pa.—We did not receive the letter of which you speak. We presume the postmaster at M— would inform you how to send money safely.

W. V. S., N. J.—The following is our recipe for making brown bread: One quart of Indian meal; one quart of rye meal; one tea-spoon of soda; half a cup of molasses, with a slight sprinkling of salt. A little sour milk improves it. Mix to the consistency of pancake batter. Bake from an hour to an hour and a half, according to the heat of your oven.

## Announcements:

#### THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 664 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

#### WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles from O. C. Number of members, 35. Business, Manufactures.

#### WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Contingence.

#### ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

#### STEEL TRAPS.

2. Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rats, Muskrat, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price list sent on application.

#### WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.

P. O. address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

#### MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture (Willow-Place Works); also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

#### MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE,

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,  
Wallingford, Conn.

#### PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: The Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-house and Group, and Bag-bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished at 40 cents each. Views, cart de visite size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

#### PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 25 cents for single copy; \$8.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents per single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per doz.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail at \$1.75.

The above works are for sale at this office.

MESSES. TRICHER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR and orders for our publications.